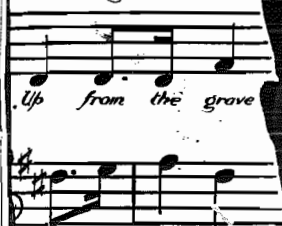


WAR COPY

Corus. Allegro. M.J.=112



Up from the grave



He a-rose



With a might-ty

triumph o'er His foes,

ASTER NUMBER



"IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME."

As the Officer knelt and prayed, a memory of the past came over the prisoner, for she recalled the time when she too had prayed—prayed at her mother's knee in the old home. The recollection melted her into contrition and tenderness.

See page 7.

WHAT DOES EASTER MEAN TO YOU

A HEART TO HEART TALK—By THE COMMISSIONER.

ONE of the great seasons of the year—throughout all Christendom—is Easteride. To many people it has its own significance, and it is to be feared that in many cases the significances are altogether connected with the world, its fashions, and frivolities. To others it is a celebration of that great event when Christ, the Paschal Lamb, was slain that mankind might pass over from death to life; the resurrection of Christ from the dead that man might have an Easter morning in his own soul, with a resurrection in his own dead self to nobler things. To all such Easter is a precious season, a time for the renewing of our covenants, recommitting ourselves to the service of the Saviour of the world. Reader, what does Easter mean to you?

The Editor has been kind enough to place some space of this Easter War Cry at my disposal, and I have been turning over in my mind how I can best use it to the glory of God and the magnifying of our dear Redeemer. My thoughts have shaped themselves in this direction: The great bulk of those who read this War Cry will be those who hear the name of Christ. What then can I say that will inspire them to greater love and more zealous imitations of it? So I let my mind roam over our great field of all its opportunities and activities for extending the Kingdom of God. I thought of our Bands, our Corps, and our Social Stations for the reclamation of men and women, and then suddenly my mind focussed itself upon the problem that is ever beset with us, namely, the need for consecrated men and women to come to the help of the Lord as Officers in the Army. I saw, in imagination, the great world go sweeping by in its mad rush after gold, real estate, pleasures, and follies; and I saw the Master stand and gaze tenderly upon the crowd and heard Him say in heart-moving accents: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The words carried my imagination to the Man of Sorrows, Calvary's rugged heights, and the words so familiar to Salvation came to me: "I suffered this for thee; what hast thou done for me?" And thus musing I resolved that my contribution could be an appeal to young men and women to abandon their pursuit after the things of this world and give themselves up to the joy of saving souls. It was my intention to mention here nothing of the sufferings endured by our Lord in his expiation of the sins of man, but I find that the Editor has given us the description of the crucifixion as written by that great pious artist, John, who, in his visit to the Holy Land, has entered so sympathetically into the spirit of that great tragedy. Read and see if ever there was like Him. Young men and women who love the Lord, give yourselves to Him for service; take up his Cross; share his shame, share his poverty, and by and bye reign with him in glory. You say you are His disciple, you bear his name, but the servant is greater than his Lord. So earthly ambitions are not for you who are called by his service—the acquiring of a worldly position, the gathering together of this world's goods, the winning of human affections if they are not to the advantage of the glory of Heaven, are not for you. You should have nobler ambitions—the saving of souls from the eternal burning, the peace of the New Jerusalem, the blessing of men and women of this earth of ours are the objects to which you should devote your whole being. What does Easter mean to you? Will you get up before that Cross and kiss those bleeding feet and bethink yourselves with your tears of gratitude, and give your-entire selves to Him who unreservedly gave himself for you? If so,

blessed art thou. If you are truly a disciple of Christ and want to work for Him send in your application for Officership to us. Of your gifts and talents do not be concerned. For those who have the gift of song and speech our platforms are waiting, for those who have the gifts of ministering and of human sympathy our homes and social institutions stand open—there is work for all in the Army. Apply now.

Then a word to Parents! What does Easter mean to you? To our Heavenly Father it meant the giving up, the abandoning to his merciless murderers of his only begotten Son. Will you give up to the War, your son, your daughter to help to win the world back to our Father. If you will lay your loved ones on the altar for service, this Easter will mean to you a season of unspeakable blessing.

It may be that some of you who will read this are parents, and have children—dutiful and good children; you have high hopes for their advancement in life. Their well-being, their comfort are great considerations with you; but you also love God and are aware of the growth of worldliness that is taking place to-day. Perhaps you have also the conviction that God requires them from you to advance His cause. How do you feel about it this Easter? This sacred season when we commemorate the giving up by God of His only Son for our redemption, are you willing to sacrifice your son and your daughter? Let us remember what parents have done at the call of God. Abraham had a son, Isaac, upon whom depended the fulfillment of a promise by Jehovah, the promise being that in the son of his old age should all the nations of the earth be blessed. But then came the voice of God telling Abraham that he was to offer up his son as a burnt offering. We can imagine the feelings of the aged Abraham when his young son looked up into his face and asked about the lamb for the sacrifice. Abraham's reply is familiar to us all—"God will provide a lamb." And so the old man, confident in his belief that the God who had entered into a covenant with him, would abide by it, calmly proceeded to offer up his son until God provided a heast for the sacrifice—a type of the lamb of God that was slain for the ransom of the world. Abraham's faith in God triumphed over his paternal feelings and to-day his narrative is one of the priceless treasures of the Christians' sources of inspiration.

Father, mother, what about your Isaac, or your daughter? Remember, whatever sacrifice, or deprivation may stare you in the face, if you lay your child on the altar for Officership—God will abundantly make up to you. He provided the means of sacrifice for Abraham, and He will provide what is necessary for your well-being. Let this Easter, then, be the season when you will take up your Cross and sacrifice your child for the glory of your God and the saving of the soul.

It is wonderful what sacrifices parents have made when actuated by patriotism or other emotions that stir men's souls. A wealthy cultured Russian lady, whose daughter was arrested on a revolutionary charge and banished to Siberia, rejoiced because all her five children had shown their zeal for the cause by taking an active part in it, and in consequence all five had been banished to the cruel mines and hardships of a convict's life in Siberia. Mother, father, do not hesitate to influence your child to consecrate himself or herself unto the service of the Lord as an Officer this day, and the glory of an Easter morning will dawn in your soul.

Some Unique Scenes from the Holy Land What Winter Relief Accomplished.



EXTERIOR OF THE BURIAL PLACE OF ABRAHAM. The mosque Machpelah is built over the cave which Abraham bought as a burial place for his family.

EW Bible narratives are, humanly speaking, of greater interest than the manner in which Abraham secured a burying place in which to lay the remains of his wife Sarah. The account of this transaction is to be found in Genesis xxiii. According to this chapter, "Abraham stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land, even to the children of Heth. And he communed with them saying: If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight; hear me and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me for a possession of a burying place amongst you."

The reply of Ephron was this: "My Lord, hearken unto me; the land is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that to thee? I will give it thee. Bury therefore thy dead."

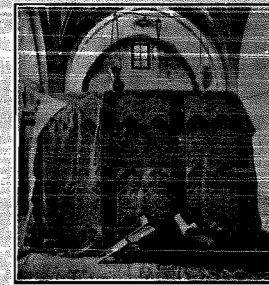
Abraham paid the four hundred shekels and secured, according to the narrative by Abraham, a family sepulchre for ever.

We here reproduce from the London Sphere a series of photographs said to have been the first photographs that have been secured of the cenotaphs above the tombs of the Biblical patriarchs inside the Haram at Hebron, Palestine. A cenotaph, we may say, is a sepulchral monument erected to one who is buried elsewhere.

The following description of the patriarchal resting place will no doubt be of interest to our readers:

The Haram, or enclosure, is held in high veneration by the Moslems, and hitherto has been secluded carefully from profanation by visitors from Western countries. A notable exception was made in the case of Edward

The pictures on this page are the first photographic views ever taken of the carpeted sepulchral monuments beneath which lie the bodies of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

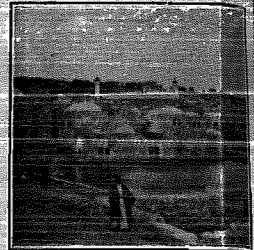


THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM AT HEBRON. Abraham, the common ancestor of the Jews and Arabs, bought the cave of Machpelah from Ephron. Volumes of the Koran appear in the foreground.

VII., who was permitted to enter the precincts when he visited Palestine as a young man. The cave lies under the Crusader's church in which the cenotaphs have been



THE RED-COVERED TOMBS OF SARAH, ABRAHAM'S WIFE. The coverings of the wives' tombs are red. Those of the men are green, the sacred colour of Islam.

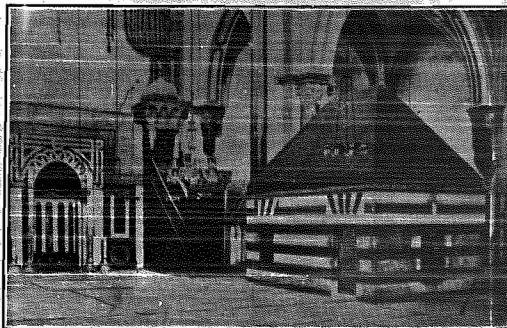


ABRAHAM'S POOL AT HEBRON. Where Ishmaelites and Jews used to bathe. King David 3,000 years ago. Stone steps lead down to the two pools.

rected. The church was built in the twelfth century and is kept in repair by the natives. Their cenotaphs are supposed to be erected directly above the graves of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their wives, Sarah, Hephzibah and Leah. They are covered with silk hangings richly embroidered, with inscriptions in silver and gold, and have cloths hung in canopies above them. Manuscript copies of the Koran are placed around them. The coverings of the women's cenotaphs are red, those of the men green, the sacred colour of Islam. The only entrances to the caves which are known to exist are never opened, and could be reached only by breaking up the flags of the flooring, a proceeding which would be regarded as desecration by the Moslem custodians.

Benjamin of Tudela, who visited Hebron in 1185, claims to have entered the cave and seen the actual tombs under the cenotaphs. The known entrances have long ago been closed. He wrote: "If a Jew gives an additional fee to the doorkeeper of the cave an iron door which dates from the time of our forefathers opens, and the visitor descends with a lighted candle. He crosses two empty caves, and in the third sees six tombs on which the names of the three patriarchs and their wives are inscribed."

It is, of course, profoundly interesting to learn something of places so closely connected with the sacred Word of God, but rather than all is the faith which God has placed in our hearts, which enable us to accept the glorious truths of Christianity which we celebrate at this Easter tide. Abraham, Father of the Faithful, will ever be held up as a glorious example of implicit faith in the Almighty. That Biblical narrative is worth more than carpeted cenotaphs.



THE TOMB OF ISAAC, THE SON OF ABRAHAM AND SARAH. The tomb is held in peculiar veneration among the Arabs. The Mahomedan priest stands next to the cenotaph.

NE winter's day, when a "cold snap" had the country to its grasp, a wholesale merchant in one of London's larger cities rang up on the "phone" Salvation Army Officer.

"Good morning, Captain," he said. "Pretty cold weather we're having just now, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Captain, "and it's pretty hard on some folks in this city."

"That's just what I am thinking," continued the merchant, "and I wanted to tell you that I'm willing to do my share towards helping unfortunate persons. I want donate any money, but you can have all the money you want if you send me to my warehouse for it. Distribute it among the most needy cases that come under your observation. I'll leave it to your judgment to discriminate between lazy loafers and the really unfortunate and deserving poor."

"Thank you, sir," replied the Captain. "I'll be only too glad to do so for you."

"Sir," said the merchant, "I call a real gentleman," he said later on to his wife as he told of the generous offer. "This'll help us out in our relief work this year."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," said his wife. Then she went visiting.

In a wretched home on the outskirts of the city the wife and family of a man who was notorious in that section as a hard drinker, sat and shivered on that cold winter's morning. A small fire burned in the stove it is true, but it was insufficient to keep the cold away from the children. A peep in the cupboard would have revealed the fact that it was empty. The furnishings of the three rooms into which the small shanty was divided were few and far between. It was plainly evident that this was a poverty-stricken home. It need not have been so. The husband carried good wages as a laborer, and he endeavored to keep his family in comparative comfort if it had not been for his insatiable appetite for drink. As it was, his earnings went to swell the profits of the saloon-keeper, while those dependent upon him shivered and starved.

This did The Salvation Army Officers find things when they called at the house in the course of their visiting that day. The wife was tormented by the pitiable condition of the family, and they decided that here was a case which needed immediate help. The Captain's promise to send some meat, groceries, and a good dinner that day would cheer the poor wan-looking mother. The look of relief on the woman's face quite chased away the momentary thought that had come to the Officer's mind as to whether this was a really deserving case or not. If the husband would only quit drinking, he had thought, there would be food enough for his family. But then one couldn't sit back and see the innocent suffer through the sins of another without raising a finger to help them. Whether deserving or not, it's a family needed assistance, and perhaps, the Captain argued, an act of kindness like this would touch the father's heart and bring him to repentance.

And the Captain calculated rightly. That night when the drunkard returned to his home and found it more bright and cheerful than usual, and a good dinner on the table, he was "all taken aback" as his wife afterwards said.

"How did you get them things, Sarah?" he said, pointing to the table.

"The Salvation Army people sent 'em," replied his wife.

Apparently the comforts of home appealed to him strongly that night, for instead of seeking company and diversion in the saloon he sat by the kitchen stove thinking as deeply as his muddled brain would per-



Healed Him a Chunk of Beef.

mit, and all the while pulling at an old pipe. It has been said that if a stoner will only sit down and think seriously for half an hour about his condition he will come to the conclusion that he ought to be saved.

Well, that is just the conclusion that this man came to. As he looked around at his miserable home, noted the pale cheeks of his wife, and the ragged garments of his children, remorse took possession of him. It was all his fault that they had come to this. He had not his young bride to the altar. She was then a fair young girl, full of hope as to the future and as happy as the day was long. Now she was a prematurely aged and broken-spirited woman with all the ambition gone for the success of her husband and the education of her children. And he had been the cause of it all through yielding to his drink. Why had he let it master him? Thinking thus he grew morose and miserable, and the temptation came to him to rise up to the saloon and drown all these disturbing thoughts in liberal draughts of whisky. But another influence restrained him that night.

"Why should I be a slave to drink any longer?" he thought. "Is there no hope of my getting free?"

"And then it seemed as if a voice whispered to him to go in to The Salvation Army meeting to-night."

He rose, put on his overcoat and hat, and went out. His wife thought he had gone to the saloon, but for once his feet carried



Cheer for the Poor.

him past those fatal doors. Settling his teeth, he pushed onwards, toward: The Army Hall. "I can add I will conquer my enemy," he said.

At the meeting he heard of the power of Jesus Christ to save from the uttermost to the uttermost. The Captain, not knowing who he was, came to speak to him and persuaded him to seek this salvation. He went home that night sober and saved.

His wife was a bit sceptical for some time as to the reality and permanency of the change in her husband. As week after week went by, however, and he continued to attend the Army, keep from the drink, and bring home his money she began to believe that there was something in religion after all. One Sunday night he went with him to the meeting. At the penitential form she learned the sweetness of God's forgiving love, and she went home that night with a new heart.

Thus did happiness come to the home of this one-time drunkard and his poor disheartened wife. They are now useful soldiers in The Salvation Army, striving to bring up their children to love and serve God. The eldest boy is a Bandsman, the younger children are Junior soldiers, and a bright and happy future is before them. It is all due to the investment of a piece of beef with The Salvation Army? But the story is only half told as yet.

A day or two after the conversion of the motherless child, a member of the old, a poor unfortunate fellow called at the Officers' quarters to ask them to help him. Misfortune and sickness, added to his drinking habits, had, he appeared, brought him and his family to the verge of starvation. His wife, at that moment was lying sick, and there was nothing in the house to eat.

"Well, here's something to begin on," said the Captain, as he handed the poor fellow a twelve-pound chunk of beef that he had just saved off the half carcass that he had sent for that morning. The man was overjoyed and thanked the Captain as he went.

"I'd like you to come and visit my wife, Captain," he said, as he was leaving. "She's pretty sick, and I'd like you to pray with her. I'll send my wife up this evening."

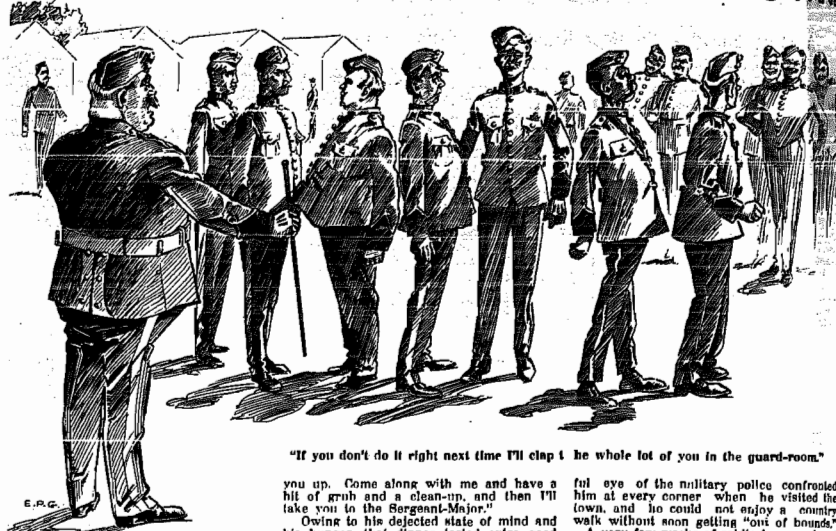
"Thank you," said the man. The Officer's wife duly went on her mission, while her husband went to conduct his own. Both were privileged to lead a soul to Jesus that night.

The woman was indeed very sick, and the kindly Salvationist decided to spend the whole evening at her bedside and try to cheer her.

"You go to the meeting if you want to, Jim," she said to her husband. "I'll be all right now that that sister came to comfort me. So Jim went off to The Army meeting in good cheer with a desire he had expressed earlier in the day.

Left alone, the two women began talking, and the Salvationist soon discovered that the sick woman was sincerely desirous of seeking salvation. Kneeling by her bedside he pointed her to Christ, and the light broke in upon the woman's soul as she prayed.

At about the same time, in the Army Hall, her husband was kneeling at the penitential form seeking God's forgiveness. He returned home just in time to find a last farewell to his wife. She was nearer the river than anyone thought, but she went over triumphantly with the name of Jesus on her lips. Though the sudden death of his wife was a great blow to him, the man held on to God. To-day he is a rescued and happy soldier of the Corps at which he was saved, and his children are coming along nicely as Juniors. Fewer one can estimate the full worth of a philanthropic net. It is like sowing a seed that springs up and brings forth an abundant harvest.



"If you don't do it right next time I'll clap t' he whole lot of you in the guard-room."

CHAPTER XIV.
A SOLDIER SOLD.

THE idea of paying out society, that had first come to Brown in the prison cell, now began to take definite shape in his mind. Why should he stay in a wretched London attic, he argued, making a bare living by means of ordinary daily toil, when the whole English country was open to him, and he could tramp freely and openly from place to place faring well on the gifts of the charitable? No trapper would he be a slave to labour; no longer should the greedy, grasping rich use him as a tool in their money-grinding machine and fatten upon the results of his work, while doling out a pittance for him to exist on. He would be a free man, lodging under the open canopy of heaven and forcing the people that he hated to support him for nothing. So he became a tramp, and commenced to roam the country, being utterly unscrupulous as to how he got his daily food. Sometimes he would beg a meal at a wayside house, sometimes he would get a crust of bread by spending the night in the casual ward of a workhouse, though this was not a favourite method, owing to the stone-crushing or oakum-picking that was afterwards required of him by way of payment; and sometimes, when all other means failed and the chances were favourable, he did not hesitate at stealing what he required.

For a time he actually enjoyed this sort of a hand-to-mouth existence, but it soon began to pall upon him, and then he began to think that this sort of freedom was not so very desirable after all. At times a spell of depression would seize him, and then his life seemed an intolerable burden. It was during one of these spells that he arrived in the vicinity of Alverstoke, a large military garrison town in England, Hungry, fainter, and unutterably weary, he tramped along between rows and rows of little wooden huts, the barracks of the soldiers.

"Hello comrade, want to enlist?" it was a spy-looking sergeant who accosted him. "D'ye think I'll do for a soldier?" said Brown.

"Oh yes, you're just the man for us," said the sergeant. "We'll soon smother

you up. Come along with me and have a bit of grub and a clean-up, and then I'll take you to the Sergeant-Major."

Owing to his dejected state of mind and his hunger, that dinner tasted extra good to the poor tramp. He began to think that he could do worse than become a soldier. They had a fairly easy time of it he imagined, lots of leisure to drink and amuse themselves, nice neat clothes to wear, and lots to eat. And besides that, didn't the public support them. Oh, how here was a good way to live like a gentleman at the expense of the whole nation. Why hadn't he thought of it before. The upshot of the matter was that the Sergeant-Major found a very willing recruit, and before long Brown was proudly strutting about the camp in the scarlet uniform of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

That night he was taken to the canteen by his new-found military friends and treated to quantities of beer. He thought he had struck the ideal life at last. Before he had time to get used to it, however, he was asked to oblige with a song, he was willingly consented, and he made a reputation in the regiment that night as a first-class comic singer. Everything seemed smiling to the young recruit. What a contrast to his old condition a few hours previously.

Next morning he was ordered out for drill with the awkward squad. This was not so pleasant. For the life of the soldier he couldn't see why it mattered that you should place your foot in a certain position when turning right, left, or about. And that standing off on the left foot always when you started to walk, or march, as they called it, that was puzzling too. A fellow got sort of mixed up trying to remember that the left foot was the right one to start off with. That cranky old drill sergeant, too, was a perfect nuisance. He seemed to have eyes like those of an eagle, and could detect the slightest wrong movement. His way of telling one about it, too, was not the nicest.

"Now then, men, try to march past in a straight line this time. Now, there you are, crooked as a dog's hind leg. Men did I tell you? You're nothing better than a set of inebriated monkeys. If you don't do it right next time I'll slap the whole lot of you in the guard-room."

Yes, drill was anything but a picnic. Brown also found out before long that he had to get up at a certain time and go to bed at a certain time, that he could not go out of the camp just when he liked or do as he liked when he did get out. The watch-

ful eye of the military police controlled him every corner when he visited the town, and he could not enjoy a country walk without soon getting "out of bounds." A very few weeks of soldiering convinced him that it was far from being all that his imagination had painted it. As one of his fellow soldiers tersely expressed it, "Soldiering ain't all beer and skittles."

"You're right, mate," he said. "It's worth a blooming prison to me."

And so one day he skipped out, using very early in the morning he dressed in some old clothes he had previously taken the precaution to procure, and slipping unobserved out of the camp he took the high road to London.

On reaching the Metropolis, he made at once for the Nine Elms district, knowing that he would be as safe from discovery there as if he were in a foreign country. His old pals gave him a cordial welcome, and soon he was established in his old haunts again. But he had no intention of working for his living. He found that he could live at the expense of others by playing the fool for them occasionally, and so night after night he would frequent various public and "wine and ale" houses. In the company he gathered there. In this way he managed to gather sufficient pence to supply his scanty needs, besides being treated to all the beer he could drink. One day, however, there came an unexpected turn in his fortunes, and Brown found that he could make "heavy money" in another way. It came about through a fight he had with another man. In company with his pals he had visited some local sporting event and while there had got into a dispute with a stranger. Angry words led to blows, and soon the two men were the centre of a ring of onlookers. Brown's opponent proved to be a "hit wavy" and "is dukes." To express it in the language of Nine Elms, that is to say he was a good fighter. Brown's chief dependence in a fight was in his right arm. He was not what would be called a scientific fighter. He was more of a blunderer, and was able to stand a good deal of punishment before he was done for. In many a fight after getting the worst of it for the first round or two and without considerably bettered about, he had often knocked out his opponent by one sheer swift blow with his right fist. Now this was exactly what happened on this occasion, and he attracted the attention of some sporting men in the crowd who were an

(Continued on Page 18.)

The Canadian Easter War Cry.
ARMY WORK AMONGST WOMEN PRISONERS
Some Striking Examples of the Power of Divine Love and Human Sympathy.

A reports upon Salvation Army Prison Work. The prisoner's predicament is usually given to what is being done amongst male prisoners. This perhaps is due to the fact that the number of men confined in our prisons is much greater than that of women. In Canada's prison population, and therefore there is not the same wide field for work amongst the female inmates. Nevertheless a great deal of good is being done amongst the women inmates of the jails and reformatories of this country, chiefly through the efforts of the members of the League of Mercy who work under the leadership of Mrs. Colonel Mapp, the Secretary of the Women's Social Work in Canada.

These noble bands of women, many of them mothers of families, regularly visit the jails in addition to performing much other good work, and hold meetings with the prisoners. But they do not stop at merely preaching to the unfortunates behind the bars; they interview each one personally, pray with them, and strive to bring them to Christ. The extent to which they are able to afterwards help them, when they obtain their discharge depends upon the genuineness of their repentance and desire for reform. The Hon. Justice of the Peace said: "If the claim of the criminal is to be the ultimate object of our prisons, the treatment of the criminal whilst in prison must be supplemented by an intelligent effort outside of them."

The Army shares that belief, and as far as it is able, assists to a better life the discharged women prisoners who have caused their indigence. The following instance is a typical one. A young girl, we will call her Annie, had committed a daring theft of a horse and rig. She was arrested and sent to a term in the reformatory. But it did not result in her reforming her ways, and when she came out she was just as dishonest as before. She obtained a situation at an hotel in an Ontario town, where she found many opportunities of pilfering. One day, however, she was detected carrying off some valuable furs belonging to a guest, and was promptly handed over to the police. She was given a term in the local jail this time. Now the governor of this jail was a firm believer in the methods of The Salvation Army. He sent for the local Corps Officer, therefore, and asked her to visit the wayward girl and try to persuade her to abandon her evil ways. "If the Army can do nothing for her nobody can," he said. The expected result, half hoped, half sceptical. The Officer regularly visited the jail. The girl was defiant and sullen at first, but the kindness and sympathy of the Salvationist won too much for her. She gradually melted, like ice, beneath the warm rays of the sun, and at last came to look forward with pleasure to the visit of the Army officer.

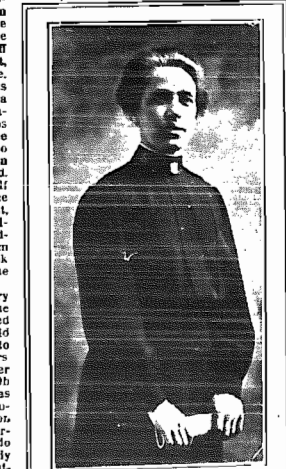
One day as the Officer prayed a memory of the girl came over the prisoner, for she recalled the time when she too had prayed for her mother's knee in the old days. The recollection melted her into contrition and penitence, and with tears streaming down her face she sank on her knees and cried out, "Oh God, save me! Oh God, save me!" Her heartbroken cry was heard by the Great Father, and in that moment she received assurance of pardon, from above. The change in her was apparent to all. She was anxious now to do right and to please God as she had formerly been to do evil. The Governor was delighted, and gave a ready ear to the Officer's suggestions. Annie should be released on parole and sent to the Army Rescue Home. This was done, and Annie has long since



Mrs. Colonel Mapp,
Secretary for the Women's Social Work.

proved the genuineness of her repentance by walking humbly in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

A very similar instance occurred in another town of Ontario. Kate was a drunkard, a wild looking creature whom most people shrank to look at. She was sen-



Staff-Captain Desbrixy,
Assistant to the Secretary for Women's Social Work.

drunkness, and three days after regaining her liberty was again arrested, this time for vagrancy, and given a two-year sentence.

A local League of Mercy workers became very much impressed that she ought to try and win this wild creature to Christ, it seemed a hopeless task at the outset, but the good woman had great faith in the wonder-working power of God, and refused to be discouraged by the opinion of the warder. The harsh treatment that she endured, however, did not soften her wild nature, and she became more unmanageable than ever. Does not this prove again that mere punishment, mixed with the idea of taking revenge on wrongdoers, fails to work any reformation in the lives of human beings? Such ideas belong to a past age. The modern method must not to treat prisoners as human beings, to appeal to the best that is in them, to seek justice and in effecting their permanent cure.

Harsh methods will always fail with women like poor Kate. But the Salvationist had another way. Entering the cell one day she spoke kindly to her and attempted to win her confidence. Kate was suspicious, however, "Bairn! I've got no use for your Christianity," she snarled out. "But won't you let me be your friend, Kate?" gently said the Salvationist.

"Friends! I want no friends other than what I've got," said the girl. "The rats are all the friends I've got here," she continued. "When I am alone they'll come into the cell and eat crumbs out of my hand. I'd be mighty lonesome without 'em."

"Poor Kate," said the Salvationist, "I'm so sorry for you."

"Say," suddenly said the girl. "Were you ever in prison yourself?"

"No, dear," was the answer.

"That makes you take such a tu-crest in me!"

"It is Christ in me gives me the desire to befriend all in trouble, Kate."

"That sounds good," mused the girl. "I should like a religion like that."

"You can have it dear if you will pray."

But Kate would not pray then, nor indeed for many a day, but finally the time came when the pleadings and tears of the Salvationist proved prevailed and the poor girl sought and found the Saviour. The change in her since that time has been marvellous. The incoming of the Spirit of Christ has not only altered her character, but transformed her very face, so that instead of looking like some hunted wild animal she now has a calm and peaceful expression, and moves about her prison duties with a sweet maidenly dignity that is a pleasure to behold. Her term of imprisonment will soon expire, and the Army stands ready to help her when she once more has to face the world.

A most remarkable case of a prisoner's conversion was that of a woman whose name we will call Mabel. In her younger days she had married a man who proved unfaithful to her. To support herself she was forced to go to work as a domestic servant. In this way she met a man one day who told her that she was far too good looking to be engaged in such hard work and that she would follow his directions he would make her a fine lady. The whole of the matter was that she became the mistress of a house of ill-fame and shared her ill-gotten gains with her accomplice. For a period of fifteen years she carried on this hideous traffic, having constantly under her control about sixteen young girls whom she had lured to their destruction. One night the police raided the house, and Mabel and several of the poor girls were hauled off to the Police Court. They were duly sen-

(Continued on Page 18.)

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS CHRIST.

HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED.—By JAMES TISSOT.



THE MYRRH AND GALL.

I will now resume our meditations on the events of the passion, the scene of which has been transferred to Colchis. We will explain as simply as possible the way in which we understand all that took place, promising, however, that, as solemn stakes are given to present our own private judgment alone, and that we have no wish to force them on anyone else. Jesus, then, has been deprived of His garments. After the toilsome ascent of Calvary His body is doubly covered with sweat. Exposed as He now is to the chill air on the summit of the hill and to the drizzling rain which is falling, He shivers with cold. The darkness over all the land which was to mark the hours of His dying anguish, was already heralded by a sinister gloom resulting from gathering together of masses of clouds, which turn pale and sink exhausted on to the Cross laid the ground ready to receive Him. Seeing Him so weak His enemies fear that His strength will give way utterly, that its will-swoon or faint, and thus retard or prevent the execution by dying before its accomplishment. Their desire is: that He should be crucified in the full possession of all His faculties, and not in an unconscious state. They want to hear His cries of anguish; they want to gaze on His features all distorted with pain; they long to see His limbs convulsed under the long-drawn out torture of the Cross. They have a ready-prepared cordial at hand and they offer it to him to drink. It consists of wine mixed with myrrh, form as a cordial intended to revive the victim for a time and make Him keenly alive to every pang. This was not, however, in accordance with generally received idea of the purposes of beverages of this kind; in the opinion of the populace they were intended to mitigate the sufferings of those condemned to death, and this thought was suggested by a passage in the book of Proverbs (Chapter xxv, verses 9 and 17): "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more. Amongst the Romans drink of this kind was called *sopor*, on account of its power to benumb and in some cases to deaden the senses entirely. The task of

preparing this beverage was reserved to ladies of the highest rank, and it was no doubt to them that Saint Matthew referred in the present instance. There is, however, a divergence between his account and that of Saint Mark. The latter speaks very distinctly of wine mingled with myrrh, whilst the former says: "They gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall." We may perhaps suppose that Saint Matthew heard a hater drink spoken of, and if so, the beverage might be taken to be composed of vinegar and myrrh, or of vinegar and some such substance as bitter apple, which, on account of its extreme bitterness, was called *gall* by the Jews. "When Jesus," adds the Evangelist, "had tasted thereof He would not drink." He needed neither to dull His senses to give Himself courage nor did He want a stimulant to aid Him to rally His forces; His manly manly rest had restored to Him all the strength of endurance. After the first shock was over, His blood flowed freely again and He gave Himself up to His executioner who flung Him brutally down upon the Cross.

The Nail.

The Cross, then, is now lying upon the ground; at least that is our idea, though we must add that fact is open to question. According to some early writers, the instrument of execution was set up in a hole in the ground, to begin with, and the condemned was then hoisted on to a kind of seat already referred to, and it was not until the body was thus placed that the hands and feet were nailed to the different portions of the Cross. Many later writers are of opinion that this was the mode of crucifixion employed in the case of our Saviour, and I wish to tell, it is quite possible that it may have been so. It was, however, a tradition which was quite a different version of the course of procedure, and this tradition we propose to follow in our rendering of the terrible scene. "I was of course, with the hands that the horribly painful operation of the nailing began; but, as there was a danger that the weight of the body would tear away the flesh, the probability is that the limbs were first bound to the Cross with cords. We know from what we are told by Pliny, Xenophon, and several other early

writers that ropes were often used as well as nails. It is evident that but for some such precaution the work could not have been properly done. In order to nail down the hands satisfactorily it was desirable to tie the arms to the cross with cords; for, however patient and resigned the victim might be, the agony inflicted by the driving in of the nails must have caused spasmodic movements, which would have greatly hindered the executioners in their cruel task. It would, of course, be more than ever necessary to take this precaution when the condemned man struggled to get free, and as this was very often the case, the practice of binding the arms to legs with naturally became universally customary. The upper part of the body was also kept in place by a whole series of ligatures, which must indeed have added to a very marked degree to the sufferings of the condemned; for, if they were drawn tight enough to be of any use in binding the limbs to the instrument of death, they must have eaten into the flesh, and, by compressing the chest, have made respiration horribly painful, whilst the free circulation of the blood was being retained. However, certain that what we may call the supplementary suffering inflicted on the unfortunate victim really saved him from even worse agony, and was, in the great majority of cases, actually necessary to prevent accidents, such as could be easily foreseen in these various precautions were neglected. Without these cords supporting the body by means of the arms, the victim would not have been able to hold on, and the slightest slipping of the limbs, or the first swoon of the sufferer, the knees would have bent, the head would have fallen forward, and the body would have followed it, drawn out of the perpendicular by its own weight. Then the hands would have dragged away from the nails, and a horrible fall would have broken the neck, which would have held in position by the nail in the foot. Such skilled workmen as the executioners in the service of Pilate, accustomed for a long time to their similar task of crucifying, would, therefore, were not at all likely to risk any such accident; they are very sure to have bound the Saviour securely before they drove in the nails. Jesus, then, his extended on the Cross; the head placed in the right position for His martyrdom; one arm is bound down

to begin with, the hand extended so that the pain center over the nose already pierced in the wood, and one of the executioners drives the point of the huge nail in with vigorous blows from the hammer. The nail now runs out, a great wedge the tip of the victim, and from a little distance a cry repeats it, for Mary, the mother of the sufferer, is standing with the other maidens at the foot of the mount, and she rushes forward as if to succour her divine son. The first nail driven home, the upper part of the body is shaken out, the second arm of the body is made fast with the same rope. Another nail is driven in, and one of the executioners flings himself astride upon the sufferer to hold him down. The next step is to pin the arms and shoulders to the cross, and then the legs, and quivering with anguish, are drawn down whilst the executioners put all their strength to drive the three nails through both arms and legs.

At this time the friends of Jesus are viewing his terrible sufferings; they cling to each other and huddle together, with compassion and misery, as they listen to the groans, with which the victim utters their shudder aches. They have gradually approached the scene of the awful drama. They had at first been arrested at the foot of the hill, but as they saw they were, they advanced as far as the southern corner of Calvary to a small space just at the edge of the platform of Golgotha. The crowd amongst them was growing nearer; the excited priests and the leading Jews are come at hand, eager to witness everything; the centurions have hard work to keep the space reserved for the execution clear of the curious crowd, and clear it must have kept if the difficult operation of the elevation of the Cross is to be successfully accomplished. Are we to suppose that the crown of thorns was again placed on the head of Jesus at the final scene of His martyrdom? Yes; Origen, Tertullian, and many other writers of antiquity have asserted the fact, and their statement has never even been questioned by any of the writers of tradition. The Gospel of Nicodemus (I: 10), moreover, tells how the executioners, who had taken off the crown of thorns in order to saw the body, put it back on Jesus' head again, and also passed a cloth over His limbs. Even if, however, tradition had been silent on the point there would still have been every reason to believe that the crown of thorns was put back on Jesus' head after death, for those who wrote the title on the Cross, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," are not likely to have failed to leave to the king of Judaea the right of making sport the unbecomingly insignia of the royal dignity.

The Nail Driven Into the Feet.

It is from the Greeks that the most ancient model of the Cross has come down to us, and its form is that of the so-called "Latin cross," with the arms of equal length on the upper portion and standing line indicating the place where the feet were nailed. The way in which this form of the Cross was interpreted by the artists of the early centuries is readily understood. The first Apostles who went to preach in Syria, in Greece, and throughout Asia Minor were, of course, assumed in question as to the details of the life of Christ. All the earliest legends connected with His death were of special interest, and when those who had been eyewitnesses of the execution of the God-Man were asked what was the position of the body, they did not reply by simply tracing on the ground or on some white wall of the sanctuary in which they happened to be teaching, a rough representation of the Cross. A draught like that used for the place occupied by the body of the Victim, a transverse line showed where the feet had been situated, and above it the title was indicated by a horizontal bar, the presence of which doubtless led later to the idea of what was called the Patriarchal Cross, and was the very first branch of the cross. The sloping line at the bottom of the feet had been represented the piece of wood on which rested the feet of the Saviour, and was really rather difficult to make, as it was necessary to have the feet in a design facing the spectator; a

The Elevation of the Cross.

The elevation of the Cross with the Victim upon it was a delicate operation judged upon it was more than one difficulty. The body of the sufferer, now in place, as it was at the foot of the hill, was now, of course, high up on the cross, so that the weight was concentrated above the center, and the slightest slip on the part of those who were standing near the cross would have been comparatively easier and would have been well completely changed the character of the scene. According to legend, the feet of the Saviour were raised up near to the ground, but their opinion has very little probability to support it, and it is in contradiction to most of the traditions on the subject. One of the most ancient of these traditions attributes the cross a length of no less than fifteen feet, whilst the cross-beam was nearly half that length. Some early writers speak of the bodies of those who were crucified as being so high that wild beasts, which preyed that in some cases crosses were quite low; but there is no evidence to prove that the practice of secure burial was ever generally adopted, and the only opinion of the Saviour's Cross was not a few feet. All that we conclude is that the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ were not enough to the ground to be conveyed by anyone standing at the foot of the Cross, and that Mary Magdalene did so embrace them is affirmed by all traditions. This fact, however, still leaves us free to suppose that the lower part of the Cross was of considerable length, for of course it included the portion which would be driven into the ground. The necessary precautions of elevating the body of the victim were pressing, and should be done in such a manner as to prevent accident, for the Sabbath would begin at sunset and it was not lawful to put to death any man on the Sabbath. The use of wood which were to serve as gibbets for the two thieves being firmly fixed in the ground, it was easy to connect them at the top with a single bar, and pressing against the wood drawn without difficulty the ropes fastened to the ends of the transverse beam of the Cross of Jesus. Some of the assistants have now only to push the body from behind, and the body is slowly drawn up by others with the aid of ropes, care being taken to keep it properly balanced and in right position with regard to the beam at the top of the upright shaft, as, with the aid of levers, the lower extremity is placed in the hole in the ground already prepared for it. The whole operation is really accomplished in the twinkling of an eye, though the darkness of their hearts are crucified with Him, they feel the body of the Lord, of the bluish-white color of marble, dashed with the red blood from His wounds, and the first rays of the sun are following after the body which the beloved Victim goes through with eyes full of anguish;

one of the most acute pangs of the death as if their own last hour had come.

The five Wedges.

One of the most acute pangs of the death of our Saviour was the pain of the shock caused by the falling of the cross into the hole in the ground prepared for it. The body of the victim would now with painful agility into the extremities, gnawing out against the outer wall, and the pain would now you again be stifled with crucifixion, the sufferer would be again raised up to towering sensitiveness, whilst the appalling noise would quiver yet again with path of the Victims under the crown of thorns. The whole scene set up in its place, it had said to be wrought really in, and to do this it was not enough to sit in the hole, which was, of course, much too big for it, with the earth that had been removed, it would be sure to sink about midway in the newly-secured soil. In fact, wedges would be required, and the probability is that they were introduced. This done, the horizontal use of wood, which aid in which the ropes had been used, and the work was removed, and the cross stood upright in its dignity with soil of earth, all looking from the distance as if it were a natural task is completed at last; the platform is cleared of all doors encumbering it; the ropes, the ladders, the tools. The cords at the bottom of the cross are to be viewed around the four chief executioners as their perquisite, are come up into a bundle and laid aside for the time being. The executioners now withdraw to a distance, leaving the space around the Cross vacant, and in a moment it becomes crowded with Pharisees, Pharisees Jews; in a word, with all those who have brought about the death of the Master. They are eager to watch closely the agony of him who had for so long a time rendered them anxious. "They began to give vent to their rage by all manner of insulting epithets, and the weight of His blood, instead of appeasing, intoxicates them. With them the crowd surrounding Golgotha also surges nearer; there is no longer any need to keep the people back, and these drags of the populace are free to come and gloat upon the awful spectacle.

WAITING.

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoody sleep by sleep with you
Your work was done, gaily lifetime through
He gone awhile before,
He now a moment gone before:
Yet doubt not, soon the senses shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by heigh and hilly,
That selfsame way, that selfsame way,
That selfsame, upland, hopeful way,
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

It is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Out some full trouping eyes asked,
And nearer to the end.
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gaily on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward, mile by mile,
He lingers with a backward smile
And strains his eyes, to search his wake
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the
brake,
Walks on a side.

Christ hath arisen! O mountain peaks attest:
Witness, recording glory and torrent waste:
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the
brave

To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith
Have borne, when, as the first rays will
Planting the cross on high above the clouds
of morn! —Mrs. Hemans.

SOME WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS.

STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST.

STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST was born in the little town of Barrington, N.S., but at a very early age went to Charlottetown to live. Her father was a Methodist minister, and so



Staff-Captain Jost.

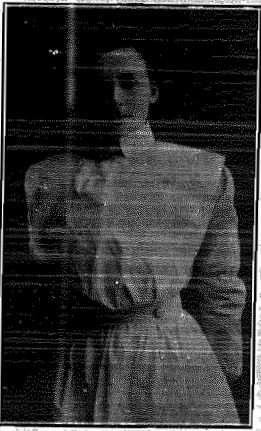
Matron in charge of the Maternity Hospital, Toronto

service of the Divisional headquarters came next. Just about that time the Rescue Home was opened in St. John's, and Captain Jost was chosen to supervise it. It was difficult work at first and very hard to finance, but God answered prayer in a remarkable way and much good was done. Her success marked out Captain Jost as a valuable Social Worker, and a year later she was appointed to take charge of the St. John (N.B.) Rescue Home. Here she remained four years doing a splendid work amongst the fallen. The first Army Maternity Hospital in Canada was opened in St. John during her term of service there. A year and a half in charge of the Halifax Rescue Home followed. Then one morning she received a wire to the effect that she was to go to Spokane, Wash. After a hurried visit home to see her mother she started off on the long journey across the Continent. She has since crossed and recrossed it no less than six times. Out in the West she had the oversight of three Rescue Homes, in three different cities, namely, Butte, Mont., Vancouver, B.C., and Spokane, Wash. The latter city was her headquarters, and here she was also appointed Police Matron. She did much good work in this connection, and saved many a young girl from a life of crime. One unique experience she had was spending a night in a cell with a murderess. After seven years of arduous service in these Western towns she suffered a breakdown and was obliged to take a long furlough. Two years ago she returned to her much loved work, and was appointed matron of the Calgary Rescue Home. She is now matron at the Bloor St. Hospital, Toronto, and also has the oversight of the Easter Bt. Rescue Home.

Her whole life has thus been one of toil for the good of others, and she can look back with satisfaction to "something accomplished, something done."

CAPTAIN MILLS.

CAPTAIN MILLS is a typical representative of the great and increasing number of Officers in our ranks who have grown up with the Army. She was dedicated in the Army when just an infant, and at the early age of seven realized definitely for the first time her relationship to God. It was during a special Young People's campaign at the Hampstead Corps, London, Eng., that the child's consciousness of really loving her Saviour was awakened. She



Captain Mills,

Rescue Officer of the Rether Street Home, Toronto.

had been told about Jesus Christ, from the very first moment of understanding, and she had always loved Him and prayed to Him as the good God, but in that moment she felt that He became more real to her. Henceforth her great aim in life was how best to serve Jesus Christ. As she grew up she became increasingly devoted to God and the Army, and at the age of 17 she applied for Officership. She was told to wait for twelve months. She did so, working diligently while in the Corps, her chief delight being to teach a company of Juniors. Her time of waiting over, she entered the International Training College at Clapton, and in due time



Captain Adams,
Nurse at the George Street Home, Toronto.

was commissioned as Lieutenant and sent to the Mile End Corps in the East End of London. She had many interesting experiences visiting the slum dwellers in this district. One day that stands out in her memory is that on which she called at three houses in succession and found a corpse with a each. She prayed with the weeping relatives and spoke words of comfort to them, and as a result of her visiting one young woman at least found the Saviour and became a Salvationist. She spent seven months at this Corps, and was then obliged to go home on account of the illness of her mother.

Two years elapsed, during which time the family removed to Canada. Then the way opened once more for her to return to the work that was so dear to her heart. She was appointed to assist at the Rether Street Rescue Home in Toronto. Here she has spent three happy years working hard for the spiritual and moral regeneration of those under her care. She likes her work and feels that it is worth-while devoting her life to it when she witnesses the transformations that are constantly taking place in the lives and characters of the fallen. Many girls have got converted as the result of her interest in them, and she is watching their progress with feelings of gratitude in God for using her in such a great work.

CAPTAIN ADAMS.

EVEN before becoming a Salvationist, Captain Ethel Adams—now in charge of the Inebriates Home, Toronto, was never a world (Continued on Page 21.)

Windows in Calvary

By the Chief of the Staff.

"And they crucified Him. . . And sitting down they watched Him there."—MATTHEW XXV 35, 36.



ASSING words spoken in times of deep emotion often reveal human character more vividly than a lifetime of talk under ordinary circumstances. Conduct which at other times is of the most trifling significance, reveals in the hour of fiery trial, the very inwards of the soul, even making manifest that which has been hidden

perhaps, for a generation. Thus, while watching a man with the opportunity and the temptation to deceive or oppress those who are in his power, you may see into the very thoughts of his heart; you may learn what he really is. Or you may measure the depths of a mother's love in observing her when, after violating every principle she has valued and lived for, her prodigal boy comes to ask her to take him in once more.

In the same way, words spoken by the dying are often like windows suddenly uncovered, through which one may catch a glimpse of the ruling passion of life, in the light of which their life-witness and life-labour alike look different. It is this fact which often gives the dying hour of the meanness, importance as well as solemnity. The veriest trifler that ever trifled this vale of tears has, in that last solemn hour something to teach of the secrets of mortality.

And this revelation of the real facts of human experience is of the highest value to the world. It is one of God's witnesses to truth, that *truth will out*. Sooner or later, selfishness and sin will appear in their naked deformity, to horrify those who behold them; and in the end justice and truth and love are certain to be made manifest in their natural beauty, to convince and to charm and to attract their beholders.

It is not only one of the uses of trial to bring this about, but it is one of the means by which God converts to His own high purposes, the miseries and sorrows the Devil has brought in. The one burns the martyrs; the other brings out of that cruel and the frightful wrong the glorious testimony into the very seed of His Church. The one casts us into fiery dispensations of suffering and loss; the other takes these moments of human anguish and desola-

tion, and makes of them open windows through which a doubting or scoffing world may see what love can do. Thus He makes us to triumph in the midst of our foes, while working in us a likeness to Himself, the All-patient and All-perfect God.

Nor is it the good and true alone who are thus made object-lessons to others, and to themselves, by these ordeals of pain. By them, many a bad man is also forced to appear bad to himself. Many a hypocrite, anxious about the opinions and traditions of men, is at last stripped of his lies to see himself the wretched fraud he really is. Many a heart-backslider, whose religion has long ceased to be anything but a memory, awakes to the shame of it and to the danger—and often, thank God, awakes in time.

Now, the words of the dying Christ on His cross are in the same way, a true and wonderful revelation of His character and His spirit. As it is only by the light of the sun that we see the sun, so it is by Jesus that Jesus is best revealed. Never one spoke like His spoke; and yet in this respect, so real was His humanity, He spoke like us all—He spoke out what was in Him. The Truth must, above all, and before all, make manifest what is true of Himself.

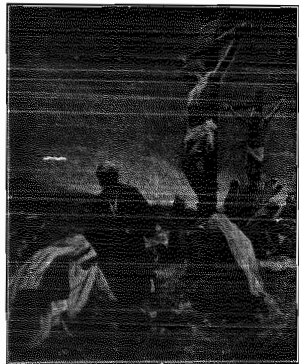
To whom, then, did our Lord speak on the tree, and what spoke He? What special thoughts and beauties of His soul do His words reveal?

Jesus, so far as His words have been recorded for us, spoke from the cross to Mary His mother, to one of the thieves who was crucified with Him, to God His Father, and to Himself.

His Words to Mary.

"When Jesus therefore saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Behold thy mother!"

The position of Mary in those last hours was peculiarly grievous. She had lived to see the breaking down of every hope that a mother's heart could cherish for her son. Standing there amidst that mob of relentless enemies, and watching Jesus, forsaken by God and man in His mortal agony, her present sorrow, great as it was, was crowned by the memory of the holy and happy anticipations of His birth, and the maiden exultations of her soul when the angels



Christ, and His Mother.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS AT THE ARMY'S FRESH AIR C

A large number of poor children from Toronto are each year taken to The Army's Fresh Air Camp, where they revel in the joys of farm and lake for a fortnight.

foretold that her Son should be the Saviour of His people and their King. How cruelly different the reality had turned out! How far, how very far away, would seem to her the quiet days in Nazareth, the rapture of her Son's first innocent embraces, and the evening communions with Him as He grew in years! What tender memories the sight of those dear bleeding feet, those outstretched, wounded hands, would recall to that mother's heart! Yes, Mary on Calvary is to me a world-picture of desolate, withering, and helpless grief—of pain increased by love, and of love intensified by pain!

And Jesus in His great agony—the Man of Sorrows come at last to the witness that His heart might be broken in treading it alone; come to the hour of His travail; come to the supreme agony of the sin-offering; face to face with the wrath of the Judge, blackness and torment and anguish blotting out for the moment even the face of the Father—forsaken at last—**FORSAKEN**—Jesus, in this depth of midnight darkness sees her standing by the cross. Bless Him, Oh, ye that weep and mourn in this vale of tears! Bless Him for ever! His eyes are eyes for the sorrowful. He sees them. He has tears to shed with them. He is touched with the same feelings and moved by the same griefs. He sees Mary, and speaks to her, and in a word gives her to John, and John to her, for mutual care and love. It was as though He said, "Mother, you bare Me, you watched and suffered for Me, and in this redeeming agony of My love, I remember your anguish, and I take you for ever under My care and I name you Mine."

Surely, there never was sorrow like unto His sorrow, and yet in its darkest crisis He has eyes and heart for this one other's sorrow. Far from Him, as the east from the west, is any of that selfish thought and selfish seclusion which grief and pain so often work in the unsanctified heart, aye, and in the best of us. What a lesson of practical love it is! What a message—especially to those who are called to suffer with Him for the souls of men—comes streaming from those words spoken to Mary. The burden of the people's needs the care of the Church, the awful responsibility of ministering to souls—these things, sacred as they may be, cannot excuse us in neglecting the hungry hearts of our own flesh and blood, or in forgetting the claims of those of our own household.

Dear friend and comrade, in your sorrow, in your sore trial of faith, in your Calvary, take to your heart this revelation of the heart of the Son of Man and be careful of the solitary and heart-breaking

ones near you, no matter how humble and how unworthy they may seem.

II.

His Words to the Thief.

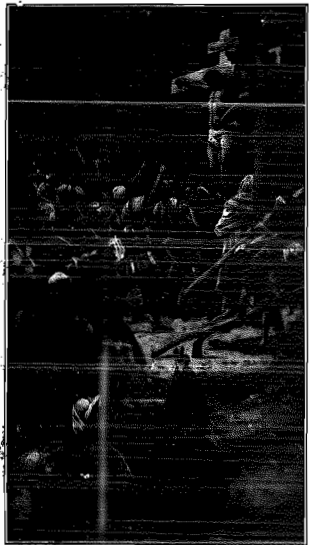
"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

The crucifixion of the two robbers with Jesus was a sort of toptone of obloquy and disgrace contrived by His murderers with the double object of further humiliating Him in the eyes of the people, and of adding poignancy to His own agony. The vulgarity and shamefulness of it were the last touch of their contempt, and the last stroke of His humiliation. There was a kind of devilish ingenuity in this circumstantial way of branding Him as a malefactor. And yet in the presence of this extremity of human wickedness and cruelty, Jesus found an opportunity of working a wondrous work of God; a work which reveals Him as the Saviour, strong to save both by His infinite mercy and by His infinite confidence in the efficacy of His own sacrifice.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Eyes and heart for the sorrowful He had, as we see; and now ears, and hope nigh at hand, for the sinful. No word of resentment; no sense of distance or separation between the spotlessness and perfection of His character and this poor lonely convict—but a strange and wonderful nearness, now and to come. *With Me*, He says—"With Me in Paradise." Ah! this is the secret of much in the life of the Son of God—this intimate, constant, conscious nearness to sinners and to sin! He had sounded the depth of evil, and, knowing it, He pitied, with an infinite compassion, its victims; He got as near as He could to them in their misery, and to sin! That heart-nearness to the thief had nothing to do with the nearness of the crosses. Every one knows what a gulf may be between people who are very near together—father and son—husband and wife! No, it was the nearness of a heart deliberately trained to seek it; a heart delighting in mercy, and deliberately surrendering all other delights for it; hungering and thirsting for the love of the lost and ruined.

The heart panteth after the water,
The dying for life that departs,
The Lord is his love for sinners
For the love of rebellious hearts.

And so He is quite ready, at once to share His heaven with this poor defiled creature, the first trophy of the cross. Again—what a lesson of love—how different, all this, from the common inclination



The Penitent Thief.

to shrink away from contact and intermingling with the wretched. Oh, shame that there can ever have been such a shrinking in our people's guilty hearts! The servant is not above his Lord. He came to sinners. Let us go to them with Him!

III.

His Words to the Father.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

This prayer for His murderers is a revelation of the wonderful nearness and capacity of love. The Saviour passes from pole to pole of human sin, to find a ground on which He can plead for the forgiveness of those cruel and wicked men; and He finds it in their ignorance of the stupendousness of their sin against Him. It seems as though He chooses to remain in ignorance of what they did know, and dwell only on what they did not. "They know not what they do!"

It was ever so with Him! He has no pleasure in iniquity. Wrong-doers are so precious to Him that He never will magnify or exaggerate their wrong—no, not a hair's breadth. He will not dwell on it, no, not a moment, except to plead some reasonable ground for its pardon, such as this—the ignorance of the wrong-doer, or the rich efficacy of His sacrifice. He will only name sin to the Father, in order that He may confess it for the sinner, and intercede for mercy and for grace.

He lived in a distant village in Southern India, where for many centuries the people have offered propitiatory worship to a particularly odious devil. His father was a devil-possessed man who lived by using his power to exorcise from others devils less powerful than those which tormented him. The faith of the village did not trouble itself with gods, good or immoral. The people believed in the power of evil definitely and eternally arrayed against them. To offer sacrifices and perform ceremonies which would placate this malicious devil seemed to them a more rational than to supplicate any deity whose beneficent qualities scarcely guaranteed them against the possibility of attack from that quarter.

The dancer's father may be described as a priest of this devil-worship. He was not only the most powerful exorciser of devils, he was not only a seeker of favours from his devil, but he had definitely made a compact with this devil to serve him out earth and in the worlds beyond. In some dreadful and unrecorded moment of his tortured life this man of the jungle and the mountains had sold his soul to the power of evil in the universe which seemed to him the master of his fate. Henceforth, a freeman of hell, he offered sacrifices in a devil grove, and went about the village earning money for the attack he drank and night by casting out devils and praying for favours and mercy to the chief of the devils in the name of those troubled with sickness and fear.

The boy was twelve years of age when his father was stricken with illness. He was a normal boy of the village, quick and vivacious, but as heathen and ignorant as all the rest of his community. Up till then he had little troubled his head about devils, beyond taking care never to go out at night and always to avoid such places

as burying grounds, where a great number of devils were known to have their dwelling. But now he had a new birth and experienced a perverted conversion, terrible in the consequences. The father was raving and gnashing his teeth on his death-bed. The family stood round the writhing figure, regarding it with consternation. Suddenly the father started up, and, seizing his son by the long hair of his head, dragged the boy down to him, and, rubbing his face upon his head, cried in a loud voice, "Promise me to serve the devil—promise me, promise me!" Then, moaning the child, he spread his arms to the group of his wife and children, and implored them with his last breath to yield their souls to the devil. His last words were, "Serve the devil!"

For three or four days nothing occurred. The life of the family went on as usual. The devil of the devil-possessed father seemed to make no difference in its fortunes. There was the same poverty, the same frugality, the same misery, and the same monotony of labour. But one night the eldest son lay on his rugged mat waiting for sleep, he felt himself suddenly stricken with a deadly cold which convulsed all his limbs and shook him with so great a trembling that the teeth rattled and grinded in his mouth. He says that he saw nothing, but that he felt the approach of the devil. He was powerless to separate powerlessness to ward off the attack. He lay in a breathless and palsy-stricken terror. Then, as if a cloud had swallowed him up, he felt his body occupied by something not himself, being aware of an overwhelming and wonderful spirit-lifting in the tempest of his body and taking absolute possession of his will.

He became unconscious. Early in the morning he awoke, and leaving his house plunged into the jungle and ascended the mountains. He does not know why he sought this solitude, he cannot tell why he was not afraid of beasts and of men; he did not enter the wilderness by the demon possessing him he simply went on and on, a leaf blown by the wind, a spear swept by the waves, a soul heretofore solid.

He threw himself down from heights. He felt himself lifted off his feet into the air. He beat himself with stones, tore out his hair and scratched his flesh with his nails

This is the old and ever new way of dealing with injuries, especially "personal injuries." Is it yours? Are you seeking them after reasons for making the wrong done to you appear pardonable? Is your first response to an affront or insult or slander, or to some still greater wrong, to pray the Father, with a note of victorious confidence, for those whom you believe to be injuring you, that His gracious gift of forgiveness may come upon them?

That is the principle of Calvary. That is the spirit, the mind of Christ. That is the way in which

He won the meed and crown;
Trod all His foes beneath His feet,
By living trodden down.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

Truth has always been held to afford a final test of faith, and here the human soul of Jesus passed through that mortal struggle which awaits us all when heart and flesh shall fall. "Into Thy hands"—that is enough. As He passed the threshold of the unknown—goes as we must—into the Valley of the Shadow, faith springs forth and exclaims, "Into Thy hands." All shall be well. In this confidence I have laboured; in this confidence die; in this confidence I shall live hence-fore.

IV.
To Himself.
"It is finished!"

This is an extract from a remarkable book just published, entitled "Other Sheep," obtainable at the S. A. Trade Headquarters and other booksellers.

human being, with dawning intelligence and exhausted misery in his eyes, and the beginnings of a new philosophy in his just-awakened soul.

He lived in a distant village in Southern India, where for many centuries the people have offered propitiatory worship to a particularly odious devil. His father was a devil-possessed man who lived by using his power to exorcise from others devils less powerful than those which tormented him. The faith of the village did not trouble itself with gods, good or immoral. The people believed in the power of evil definitely and eternally arrayed against them. To offer sacrifices and perform ceremonies which would placate this malicious devil seemed to them a more rational than to supplicate any deity whose beneficent qualities scarcely guaranteed them against the possibility of attack from that quarter.

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Thus in His last, ever-wonderful words Jesus pronounces Himself the sentence of His own heart upon His own work. It is completed. Every barrier is broken down, every battle is fought, every hellish dart has flown, every wilderness is past, every drop of the cup of anguish has been drunk up, and there is a note of victorious confidence. He cries out, "It is finished!" Looking back from the cross on all His life in the light of these words, we see how life regarded as an opportunity for accomplishing a great duty, and for the fulfilment of a mission. Now, He says, "The duty is done—the mission is fulfilled; the work is finished!" Truly, it is! Truly, a noble, yes, a godlike view of life!

Is ours? Death will come to us. "The living know that they shall die." The waters will overflow, and the foundations will be broken up, and every precious thing will grow dim, and our life, also, will have passed. We shall then have to say of something, "It is finished!" It will be too late to alter it. There is no man that hath power in the day of death.

What, then, shall it be that is finished? A life of sin, a life of following the Son of Man? A life of sinful gratification, of careful thought of ourselves, unprofitable from beginning to end, or a life of generous devotion to things which are immortal in the honour of God and the salvation of men?

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The Devil Dancer.

By HAROLD BEUBIE.



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human being, with dawning intelligence and exhausted misery in his eyes, and the beginnings of a new philosophy in his just-awakened soul.

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til it was wet with blood. The night came and he was not afraid. Without sleep and without fatigue, he wandered hither and hither, wailing and groaning, shouting and singing, laughing and crying. He was conscious neither of hunger nor thirst. The hot sun blazed down upon his unprotected head, and he sought no shade. His body became burned with the heat, and he sought no water. With consciousness which seemed to be crowning, suffocating, and expiring, he felt himself swept forward by the devil possessing him, and with neither the will nor the wish to fight.

How long he remained in the jungle on that occasion he does not remember, but he returned eventually to his home, and found that his fame was established, and that he possessed a boy. He explains that his devil was hereditary; that as far as memory could reach members of his family had been possessed by spirits; that at the death of the father the eldest son always inherited the family's devil. Every one in the village, and in some of the neighbouring villages, recognized him as the one which had possessed the father. He was called on to exorcise devils, and was given gifts of rice for his services.

Up till the moment of his possession he had been a good boy. He had been, that is to say, perfectly moral and obedient. He is quite certain on this point. And he is also quite certain that at the moment of his possession he became one of the most dangerous scoundrels in that neighbourhood. He became sexually vile and dreadful. He craved for the disgusting spirit called arrack. He was filled with the most horrible and filthy things. It gave him, not pain, but positive pleasure, to stab and slash himself with a knife. His arms are yet ruffled with gashes, and he is now pitted with the marks of his stabbings. He would rub his face and rub it on his head and body without being either distressed or hurt. He could put himself into a terrible frenzy and perform in a terrific and terrible strength and daring which sent his fame into the streets. He told us what were the signs of his devil's activity and frenzies. He would begin to spit blood; then he would be shaken with a palsy which would make him tremble and stagger, muddled, and covered with a muffled obscurity, and for one night every bone in his body would ache as though he had been beaten by many clubs. After that he was again in a state of perfect health for days and weeks by the devil possessing him.

He never saw his devil, and any other devil; but he described with a wonderful quickness of gesture and a sudden flashing of the eyes what he has seen in the darkness of the night and the solitude of the jungle. Light has flashed at him from two sides, flashed with incredible swiftness, as if two fingers of flame sprang upon each other and vanished in the ferocity of their collision; then straight in front of him, a little above the level of his eyes, he has seen a creature like a cat spinning round in a flash so electric that it has made a circle of light in the darkness; and he has felt monkeys brushing past him, and then has seen them disappear into nothingness.

Like his father he dedicated himself to the devil—definitely elected to serve Evil. He became as really possessed by evil spirits as his saints have been possessed by the Spirit of God. All his experiences are a perversion of those recorded by holy men and pure women in the literature of Christianity.

On one occasion he spent seven days and nights without nourishment of any kind, committing excesses of indescribable horror in graveyards and wandering through the darkest and most dangerous parts of the jungle.

He became the most celebrated devil-possessed man for many miles around his village. He was regarded with reverence and dread. A man gave him his daughter in marriage and his woman worshipped the devil. People of high caste sent for him to cure them of sickness or to offer sacrifices to the devil in times of plague or famine. On one occasion a Sudra family—that is to say, a high-caste family—sent for him to cast out a demon afflicting one of its young women. This demon, known as Reclatorio, or good devil, tore the girl till she was dabbled

all over with blood. The devil-dancer remained with her for seven days, wrestling ceaselessly with that devil, and finally cast it out. The girl was completely restored. The net was commemorated by a silver medal which the Sudra himself hung round the dancer's neck, placing at the same time seven rupees in his hand—a large sum of money for any villager in India to earn at a single stroke.

So great was his fame that it checked the work of Christianity in a neighbouring village where The Salvation Army had lately planted a local Corps. People challenged the Christians to perform such miracles as this man could do every day of the week. The Adjutant was a Malayali, a man converted from the depths of heathenism to the heights of a most beautiful purity. This man, feeling himself unworthy to attempt miracles, set himself to pray for the soul of the devil-dancer. He gave up an entire week to this purpose, and a ceaseless period of God all those seven days to give him the soul of the devil-prince.

The answer to his prayer seemed to be a growing conviction that he should go to the man and speak to him of Christ. He set out on this errand full of that utter and child-like faith which is the most striking and attractive feature in the character of an Indian truly and earnestly converted. He went as the first Apostles went on their missions with the good news of a risen Christ. It did

that the devil might be cast out of the dancer, that he might be set free for ever from the power of evil, and that his heart might be made pure. Once and again the man cried out, "Thou art the devil, thou art the devil coming to take possession of India," the Ajuvanti answered these cries by loud shouts of "Hallelujah and pray with strength and faith to the great God, and pray for freedom, for the great God will deliver you, and no devil could triumph." "Oh, I know that the devil is coming!" cried the man, "but I will not be afraid of him." "The devil was not come," replied the Ajuvanti, "and you pray, these two Children of India, in a little mud hut on the southern slopes of the hills, and the great God will be served by the breezes from the sea, prayed to by the children of humanity, to the Jesus of Nazareth, and the Jesus of Calvary, until the sun was hidden and the moon was hidden, and the world was hidden under the forest. Throughout the day thou had prayed, and now at evening it was evening, and the great God was coming, and he cried out in a glad voice, lifting his head, he delivered me from the power of the devil; and I come to thee—I can feel him in my heart."

This event took place more than a year ago. For the first two months he was occasionally thrown into a great fear by feeling that the devil was approaching him. In the third and passionate prayer in every case he was brought to himself. He was never again tempted to drink arrack, to commit vicious acts, or to indulge in sexual excesses. And now for ten months he has been unmolested by his devil and wholly happy in his body and soul. If those who have no personal knowledge of him are desirous to reflect of hereditary superstition on the part of the savage and ignorant, will reflect upon this instantaneous change of soul, they will be wise; whatever their opinion may be as to his case, they will be right, that sincere prayer to a good God produces the heart of a man changes akin to miracle.

[illegible]

One thing has made a great impression on him. When he was a child he suffered nastily from sickness and disease. Then his children were born they, too, suffered in an almost identical fashion. But now, for the first time, he has been able to say first prayer to God, those children have been free of sickness and pain, and he himself conscious of a new delight in perfect health. His eyes smile with joy as he tells of this change "It is good to believe in God," he says, "with childlike confidence and simplicity. He told me it never once occurred to him that there was any sin in leaving the devil, and that never once did he think of spiritual punishment in the thought of spiritual freedom and health. He told himself to be so entirely under the immense power which it was impossible to resist that he resigned himself willingly and unthinkingly into the arms of a force so powerful that he was unable to resist. He was fighting for his opposition and too overlooking any thought of a good God enter his mind."

Never till the Salvationist met him in the
y had he thought of God, felt himself
lity and debased or experienced the
allest dread of death.

And now, as I have said, he is something a saint, is a man of prayer, and a lay missionary, converting the devil-worshippers of district to the pure and beautiful religion of Jesus Christ.

Faster Round the World.

By Commissioner Railton



Kneedrill with Japanese Students

have known it do upon a slow-to-kindle fire. You try it in your family circle early next Sunday!

Next Sunday:
after this Whisper Meeting we met in the woods away up above the city, and oh! how we did feast there. Many a godless young man in those days got convicted, and -peedily thereafter converted, through listening to some Salvationists' prayers from behind a tree or birch. For all who dared to join us in praying there at that time were on fire. Are you?

Whether my West Indian comrades would find it as easy as some to pray in whispers I doubt, for God has taught them to develop to the uttermost their wonderful voices and lungs. How I have heard their songs and prayers ringing out on the early morning air! And yet, alas, we have known men and women there, as well as in other lands, very capable of going sound asleep in their souls whilst their voices were still as loud as ever in every chorus. But oh! the enjoyment of singing and praying out in the woods, where all nature seems to be bursting out into praise, the joy of the Great Outdoors, the sound of the thundering ground-

for Canada, with its abominating woodlands and natural beauties ought surely to lead the world this year in thanksgiving. Should you do your part that way or shall you be known on earth and then in heaven as a songless sort? That is the description they give of many of the most brilliant looking tropical birds, and I fancy it generally begins to be true of Salvatouists who only wear uniform on the platform. Look out for your soul's voice if you want to keep awake and to wake up others.

awake and at water in the morning.

In the East Indies, as well as the West, I have seen many people, capable of early rising, and early rousings; in fact, the one opportunity of the Javan Officer comes at five o'clock in the morning, when the market-places for the villages are held at central points, where there is often scarcely any residents population at all. To be there in time I need not hardly say Officers must be up and going at the latest soon after four o'clock. And that is not a fine, or weekly thing, but occurs daily during the week, and all Java has long been accustomed to the Mohammedan call to prayer at sunrise, and, thank God, they have found The Salvation Army sisters and brothers capable of rising as early as any of them. Whose indeed



Praying with Prisoners of War.



Praying with Prisoners of War

around the opened grave, or those that spring more directly from Calvary would, perhaps, be hard to say; but in any case it is the quickening power of the truth that makes it possible for us, year after year, and week after week to bring forth afresh a stream of thoughts from heaven to stir the minds of the earth.

Germany may perhaps claim to rank very high amongst the nations as a thinking power. And that has perhaps helped to make for the Army its peculiar opportunity there to wake up men with its message. Certainly there is no country where the Army has reached so many minds and hearts with its appeals, in proportion to its numbers. During my latest tour there I was constantly gladdened by hearing of men and the seething refrain that defines men's present impression of us:

Ever in—in—in in the 8. A.

Another soul saved.

The "saved" slunked off to imitate the speech of a drunkard. We can only continue to push in—in—in in any country in proportion as the resurrection power keeps coming in—in—in into our own souls.

What about next? Are you believing for your own soul? Are you believing for God to give you afresh, or are you getting tired of it?

Is the South American Republics it used to be thought no strange thing to go sleep



Spreading Salvation at the Early Markets.

under one Government and to wake up to find that there had been a revolution, and that you were now under a perfectly new one. Our first Officers had to wait, indeed, on board their steamer off Buenos Ayres till such an event was sufficiently settled to allow of their landing; and yet I found our comrades there holding forth upon the grandest squares with far more liberty than we had at the date of my visit, 18 years ago, in most European countries.

They had all found out that our Army, with all its rousing drum calls was no trouble to the public in any revolutionary sense. Would to God we could all be sure of stirring other people enough this Easter.

How persistent the Devil is in trying to bury Jesus Christ and every influence likely to bring Him up! Are you going to give way to the anxiety which he tries to stir, to calm down, to subdue your soul, or are you going in for another, and yet another resurrection, every time he tries to put you to sleep?

In South Africa, during the war, it really looked as if the Devil would have a chance, such as he never had before, to bury us all together. With comrades fighting to the best of their ability, and with every mind and heart in the country so occupied with the war, how likely it seemed that the Army must needs go to pieces or go down with it. But God had other plans for us, whom He was all-in-all, and even a people so divided, and compelled in so many instances



The Army's First Kneadroll in Holland.

to stand alone, they held on to Him, and when the war was over our Corps sprang



In the Swiss Woods.

up again, very generally I believe in better condition than they were before. During the war itself, indeed, praying soldiers on both sides, who had taken prisoners or had been taken with some crowd, themselves had their opportunities to publish Salvation where they were, and captured from amongst their "enemies" prisoners for our King.

So let the enemy never get us into despair about ourselves and our Corps. God is able to raise us up again every time, and will, if we only hold fast the beginning of our confidence as His own world-conquering world-conquering Army to the end. And surely God never had a more remarkable opportunity to do wonders for us and through us than just now in Canada.

In reading this over I see how much it seems like a special call to Self-Denial, how can anybody please Jesus Christ, or hope of the Salvationist's world, if he does not without constant Self-Denial?

What are Soldiers for if not to set the best examples of Self-Denial, and to make others do the same?

ARMY WORK AMONGST

WOMEN PRISONERS

(Continued From Page 7.)

sent to terms in the Reformatory. And here it was that this woman first came into close touch with The Salvation Army. She attended the services because they relieved the monotony of prison life, but she did not mean to be influenced by them in any way. But how many have made a similar resolve and been the first to capitulate! The words of the Salvationist's hymn, "I will not let you see me," she could not help but think of them day after day, and gradually a desire for better things sprang up within her soul.

"I would love to see you converted," said one of the Salvationists to her one day.

"Next time you hold a meeting here I'll go to the front and pray," replied Mabel. Now it so happened that that particular worker had gone elsewhere before the next meeting day, and did not return to the prison for four months. Meanwhile Mabel had become despondent, and one day, in a despairing moment, attempted to end her life. Barling her arm she bit into it with all her might, hoping to sever a vein. The pain was excruciating, and she nearly fainted. She did not tempt a second time. A few days later, much to her joy, her friend returned, and, true to her promise, Mabel walked out to the penitentiary form. She got soundly converted. On her release a situation as a domestic servant was obtained for her, and the lady for whom she worked was so pleased with her services that she bought her her first Army bonnet. Mabel is now a devoted soldier of The Salvation Army, striving to uplift and help others.

Very often the Army is instrumental in saving women from the degradation of a prison life. The following instance is a good example of this sort of work. Mrs. R. was the wife of a saloon-keeper. She was greatly addicted to drink. The day of her husband's death she had no more consolation in the bottle, and she grew worse and worse, associating with the vilest type of men and shamefully neglecting her home and children. One day she was brought up in the Police Court, charged

with drunkenness and the keeping of a house of ill-fame. A term in prison apparently lay before her, but the Army Officer, hearing of the case, ventured to plead on her behalf.

"Will you go to prison, or go with The Salvation Army?" asked the Magistrate.

The woman decided to try The Army. While all this was taking place the Officer, who was second in charge of the Corps, had hunted up Mrs. R.'s children. The poor little things were in a dreadful state, and the Captain had quite a task to get them clean. After they had bathed them, combed their hair and put on clean clothes on them, they looked like different children.

Soon their mother came in, and on seeing the change she burst into tears. The genuine tears of repentance; her mother's heart had awakened from its long slumber and awoke.

"Oh, how could I ever have fallen so low as to neglect my children?" she sobbed. Then she went over to the Captain and kissed her.

And now can I ever thank you for doing for my darling what I, their mother, should have done long ago?" she said.

She was sent to a Mesone Home with her children, and we are glad to say that she completely declared that the home was a later a changed woman. Would this have been the result if she had been sent to prison?

These few instances will give our readers some idea of what women are doing for their unfortunate sisters in this far Canada of ours. The revelation of crime, perhaps, is a dark side to the story, but the manifestation of Christian love shines out the brighter through it.

Thank God that there are brave women in our ranks who do not shrink from a desperate grapple with sin, but who march boldly forward to see the power of the mighty, and to direct their footsteps into the ways of peace, love, and holiness.

HALLELUJAH BELLMAN.

It is interesting to note that a contest is being arranged between the asserted champion of Korea, and a British soldier. The two worthies have entered the field, and the competition should prove a keen affair. Envoys of Luto is one of the candidates. "He proposes to come to the great contest in his historic costume of blue braided war gold, and carrying the seven-foot staff of office which he bears on such state occasions as the proclamations of royal accessions, etc.

"Envoys Irons is no ordinary sort of a town. He holds his office under the jurisdiction of the ancient Court Leet and Court Baron of the royal manor of Luto. Like the officers of the House of Lords and of Luto, and if any other mortal were to swing a bell and 'cry' even a lost dog in Luto's square he would be at once liable to be haled before the lord of the manor, who is Sir Ludo Wadsworth, Bart.

"I keep up a lot of old customs," Irons said. "On Christmas morning I climb to the top of the curfew tower of the church and proclaim the title of the Saviour from both the New and Old Testaments into us. A Son is born, you know, and then that final passage from Isaiah."

BREWERY BROWN.

(Continued From Page 6.)

the lookout for a man to put into the prison. And the light shone on them came up to Brown and began to talk to him about the matter. He was a bit sceptical at first about his chances of succeeding in the ring against a man who had been so long in the persuasion him to "try his luck at the game" and he went off with them to commence training for his first prize fight.

[To be continued.]

But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep—Paul.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity—Channing.

A Page of Piquant Paragraphs.

WASHING IN THE MILK!

The following is from an Army Officer in Goshapur, United Provinces, India:

"The children of the Tribesmen are bright and mischievous, with every tendency to steal like their parents. They have some amusing times with them. The other day they took five goats belonging to some one else, and when I caught them they were busy milking them, and some were actually washing themselves in the milk! They were wild when they first came here, but they settle down, and now I send some on my errands, and give from 1 Rupee to 5 Rupees, and they bring back all the change!"

DRANK HORSE'S MEDICINE.

A New Zealand Band-Sergeant relates that on one occasion before his conversion, he had spent all his cash, and found a bucket in the stable filled with horse medicine, because it contained brandy, he ignored the other ingredients, and satisfied his depraved thirst with a long draught. The effect was awful, but the Band Sergeant triumphantly declares that the horse medicine failed to accomplish, the grace of God succeeded in—viz., made a new creature of him.

"SALVATION STEW!"

The first cook pressed into service at the opening of the Army's Farm and Men's Home, known as "Drifted into the Treaty" near, South Africa, happened to be a clever ventriloquist, but he was unparadoxically deficient as a cook. It is true he could both entertain and frighten his inmates with a variety of mysterious voices, which were heard of the most unaccountable times and places; but his skill in producing dinner was strictly limited; in fact, it extended to one dish only, which became known among the men as "Salvation Stew!"

A CLAP FOR THE GENERAL.

At the time of the opening of Korea, Mrs. Colonel Hoggard addressed a large number of Koreans at the meeting broke up. Mrs. Hoggard said that she showed them a large photograph of the dear General, who had sent the Officers to Korea, and was the father of us all. The photo was passed round to all as they sat upon the floor, and when all had seen it one of them spoke up—a splendid fellow—and said: "We do not feel that it is respectful for us to be seated on the ground while looking upon the picture of the great, good General. We have permission to stand to our feet and clap to express what our hearts feel?" Permission was readily granted, as you may imagine, and immediately all sprang to their feet and gave vent to a perfect thunder of applause.

"CONTRACTOR" TO THE ARMY.

The news of The Army's contract to feed the spread to the villages. It was said that a worthy Army man had inherited the capital. One day a farmer visited us, informing us that he had heard of the arrival of our Army, and as he had a good number of heads of cattle, he wished to become a contractor for the supply of meat to the Army. Naturally, our forces would need a large quantity of fresh meat every week! Imagine the dear fellow's astonishment when he learned that the great Army in Ireland consisted of but two persons.

THE FIRST WAR CRY.

In an interesting article on "Press Reception" in the latest issue of "All the World," a writer says:

"There is a bonhomie about The General which appeals to pressmen the world over. We regard him as one of ourselves. And they are right, too, for he has been here long on land and sea that The General; and has not Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the Staff, told us that when the first number of 'The War Cry' was ready for the press The General and himself stayed all night trying to get an erratic old gas engine to start the printing machine!"

A THOUSAND MILES BY COACH.

Commissioner Hay recently toured Northern Queensland, Australia. The last Officer at one place, some hundreds of miles from the Provincial centre, told the Commissioner that he got to one small township 1,000 miles had been conveyed by coach. On her arrival she was wet through, but the people supplied her with the clothing she needed, and ere she returned home, \$225 had been added to the fund. At one town visited by the Captain the town clerk took upon him to sell to get a bell and go round the town announcing the meeting.

The Commissioner used a cornet to announce his meetings. When the cornet was first heard, one comrade was already at work; he at once dropped his tools, made his way to the little bar "humpy" where he met the Commissioner, and the Commissioner, who suggested that he was going on the wrong road.

"No go wrong way; me going home change clothes, me come Army in uniform: me feel better in uniform."

JAPANESE SIGNBOARDS.

"The attempts of the Japanese at speaking and writing English are very commendable," says an Army Officer at present in that country. One day, near our house, he had over his door, on a sign: "Old Foreign Cloth in the Second Hand to Buy." Some of the signs are self-explanatory, such as: "Importers of Sewing Machines and 'You Come! You See! You Buy!' in the town of Yokosuka." I saw a sign which read: "Japanese and Foreign Goods and Notions." I thought of inquiring for a foreign notion, but it might have led to misunderstanding. Another man, who was over his door—"Marshall Tailor," and no doubt thinks he has advertised himself as a merchant tailor. A restaurant proprietor has over his place "Milk Hole." I did not go in to see if the description was correct; but it was intended for Milk Hall."

HEARD THE DRUM IN JAVA.

One of the soldiers of Semarang Corps, Java, is an less a personage than the wife of a Dutch official and the richest and the richest merchant of the city. She was called Nuyana, Major, or the wife of the Major, her husband holding that rank from the Dutch administration.

It was quite a simple incident which led to her conversion. Driving in the city in the cool of the evening she heard the drum. Inquiring of her coachman what it meant, he informed her that it was a drum which was used by Kasluwan (Salvation Army). She ordered him to follow to the Hall. Much to the amazement of the people, she got out of her carriage and went inside, listened in good faith, and was so much interested that she seized hold upon her and she became very unhappy. At the invitation to penitents she was the first to go and kneel down. She was converted that night, joined The Army, and fights still in the ranks.

NATIVES' NOVEL COLLECTION.

Commissioner Eadie recently opened a new Hall for native work at Umvoti, in the Transvaal, South Africa. At the close of the previous year no collection was made, but besides \$20 in money, one man, on behalf of his wife, child, and horse, promised \$20; a headman, 10; a man, 1 sheep; another man, 1 goat, and 1 woman promised a Muscovy duck; another one a laying hen; and another one some Kaffir corn; a man, who owned more than they all, promised for himself, his kraal, and all there were in it a good deal of money. They will never be trusted. One bright-eyed, intelligent-looking little boy, who came with his parents to live in The Army's Settlement, on being asked of his mother to show what he had learned with "sparking eyes." "Oh, yes, I will come to school and grow up clever; then when I'm big I will buy so many rupees!" stretching out his little arms to show what he had learned, he said: "I will come to school every day and learn with 'sparking eyes.'"

SAVED—BUT KEPT HIS VOW.

Mrs. General Booth once conducted a remarkable campaign in Hastings, England. Her visit there was planned in a most pre-

vidential manner. A prominent tradesman and Churchwarden had had a quarrel with his vicar, and the contention between them was so sharp that he took a solemn oath he would never again enter a church or listen to a sermon. He soon regretted making the rash vow, but was afraid to break it, and then it was that he saw the posters on the wall: "Mrs. Booth, from London, will preach in the Circus." Thought our friend: "Mrs. Booth is not a person of the violent kind, not a church, and so I can go and listen to her without breaking my vow!" He went and not only listened to Mrs. Booth, but to find, who spoke through her. He yielded himself up entirely to God, and in later years walked the streets of Hastings wearing his jersey and playing his instrument until, some years ago now, an ardent appeared in "The War Cry," of his promotion to Glory.

GERMAN'S FIRST OPEN-AIR.

In 1802 The Army conducted its first open-air meeting in Germany. It was very engaging, but the spirit of Salvationism and Teutonic earnestness were not to be found in the forests and parks of Germany resound with the songs of Salvation. And if anybody would know how inspiring a German open-air meeting may be, let them go to the invitation of Commissioner McAlonan, was on the Tempelhoferfeld last summer, where he spoke to nearly 5,000 people. Our first processions through the cities of the Fatherland were few and far between; to-day there is no denomination or society in Berlin which marches on often through the streets with music and flags as The Salvation Army.

"COME THIS WAY, MY LAD!"

At the annual Band League tea of a Welsh Corps, the Bandmaster spoke of his indebtedness to the Chief of the Staff in his early days. He said he had been willing to enter a firm at a retail stationery business, but one afternoon, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a kindly voice bade him, "Come this way, my lad!" The voice was that of the Chief of the Staff, who led him into a carriage, wrapped him in rugs, drew him close to his side, and conversed with him. He thanked God that the Chief put him on the right track at such an early age. "Ever since then," continued the Bandmaster, "I have looked up to and respected the Chief of the Staff, not only as a leader, but as one of the kindest and warmest-hearted of gentlemen."

ON THE TOWN HALL STEPS.

Uniform wearing is almost regarded as a condition of Soldiership in some quarters in Sweden, an exceptional is it for the Soldiers to be without it. In one Corps, where the Soldiership is the most perfect, comrades are without a uniform. At Alingsås, there are three Swedish or eighteen English miles from Gothenburg, gratifying work has been done in the open air, with the full and hearty co-operation of the authorities, the town hall steps being used as a platform and a penitents' bench!

ITS IDEA OF SCHOOLING.

The sights and sounds forced upon the eyes and ears of the small children of the Dom kane (the Duls of the Dom tribe in India), during the long evenings, are dreadful. The little ones speedily learn that they are to be thieves, and that even if they try ever so hard to be honest, they will never be trusted. One bright-eyed, intelligent-looking little boy, who came with his parents to live in The Army's Settlement, on being asked of his mother to show what he had learned with "sparking eyes." "Oh, yes, I will come to school and grow up clever; then when I'm big I will buy so many rupees!" stretching out his little arms to show what he had learned, he said: "I will come to school every day and learn with 'sparking eyes.'"

RESCUE WORK IN JAPAN.

THE social position of woman in the "Land of the Rising Sun," as Japan is often termed, is more favourable than in most non-Christian countries. "My impression is," says an Englishwoman who has spent much time in Japan, "that, according to our notions, the Japanese wife is happier in the poorer, than in the richer classes. She works hard, but it is rather the partner than the drudge of her husband. There are many painful and evil customs prevalent, however, which are not likely to be overthrown except by the reception of a true Christianity. Some of these customs have arisen out of morbidly exaggerated notions of filial piety; but even in past times women have not been 'down-trodden,' but have occupied a high place in society."

Among the "evil customs" referred to that of legalized prostitution is probably the worst. It was formerly an unwomanly thing for a dutiful daughter to sell herself for term of years to the proprietor of a house of ill-fame in order to relieve her father's fallen fortunes. When she returned no longer attached to her father, she was required for her filial devotion. To discover how this state of affairs came about we must turn to the history of Japan and study the effect of Buddhism and Confucianism on the people.

In ancient times the women of Japan were considered the social equals of their brothers, and in the early days of the empire women sometimes wore the crown. One of the most famous of Japan's ancient rulers was a woman—Queen Jago—who reduced a portion of Korea to subjection about 300 A.D. But with the introduction of Buddhism in the seventh or eighth Christian century, woman's position began to undergo a change. Judged by the standard of its effect upon woman, Buddhism is not only a stupendous failure, but a deadly blight. The old customs of Japan without the onslaught of Buddhist theory for a long time, but finally the doctrine that woman is man's mental, moral, and physical inferior and that the womanhood of Japan entered on the long night of bondage from which it is just beginning to emerge. What little social respect woman had left after Buddhism became the religion of the country was utterly all but swept away by the school of Confucianists, or teachers of Chinese philosophy and ethics.

Buddhism said to woman: "You are an inferior." Confucius' followers added: "Inferiors must be in absolute subjection." Hence it came to pass that to be quiet and silent, to do without question as ordered by those in authority, was considered the greatest virtue in woman—a virtue which is in fact one of the Japanese woman's most serious faults. Whomsoever a Japanese woman marries, she who never saw, does not know, or even hates, it is because someone who is her legal superior has ordered her to do so. If she "is the model woman, she should not be too good, she does not wish to be understood, she does as told or suggested. She humiliates every public woman or dancing girl in the company of some father, mother, brother, or nephew."

It was thus the position of things there when the Salvation Army landed in Japan and commenced its fight against evil of every kind. Our pioneer officers found no woman work was rendered extremely difficult owing to the Government's notion of immortality. They bravely established a Bureau of Women, however, and published a notice in the War Cry that any girl desiring to leave her avowed business might find it becoming known to those most in need of it? Confucius himself had just taken charge of the issue in a special notice in the War Cry, and the position of thousands of poor Japanese girls in three quarters of the Empire, where the girls were practically kept prisoners. One Sunday in August, 1900, there came a party of Japanese Officers and



was thus begun on the question of the freedom of licensed prostitutes to leave their business at any time they might wish. Many girls appealed to us, but the regulations were so framed that it was most difficult to secure their freedom. Still we persevered, and the newspaper kept the agitation going for two months and at the end of that time the Government stepped in and issued new regulations. After that any of the fifty thousand licensed prostitutes throughout Japan were free to leave the brothels, and were simply notified of the privilege during two months in Tokyo alone—six hundred girls secured their freedom. The following appalling figures will give some idea of the terrible need for rescue work in Japan. When the agitation for free prostitution started, there were 38,000 licensed public women, 30,000 geisha (higher class), 20,000 concubines, and some 100,000 had women of various classes—brothels and between-beer-girls, etc.

Three years after the number of public women had decreased by 12,000, and the unlicensed class 20 per cent. This shows what a little liberty means to the women of Japan. Were the girls absolutely free to live as they desire, "being good" would be many public women to debauch the nation. Before we began our work these were increasing at a rate three times greater than the increase of population. The priests of old grades had nothing to say against the increasing impurity, and when we began to agitate, the influence of the existing religious system was thrown against us. We took the ground that to refuse to obey parents or other superiors is a virtue when a girl is requested or ordered to do wrong. Our work struck at the root of it: "It is right to do wrong when your father, relative, superior, orders you" to do wrong, and the press helped us by discussing the question that arose, the individual liberty of woman gained more attention in a few weeks than the ground that to refuse to obey parents or other superiors is a virtue when a girl is requested or ordered to do wrong. Our work struck at the root of it: "It is right to do wrong when your father, relative, superior, orders you" to do wrong, and the press helped us by discussing the question that arose, the individual liberty of woman gained more attention in a few weeks than the ground that to refuse to obey parents or other superiors is a virtue when a girl is requested or ordered to do wrong.

There are two ways of helping to raise the status of woman: One by creating an independent spirit in the woman, that she may demand her liberty as a right, and the other by inducing men to respect her worth and honour into the making of the law. Both forms of procedure require a power of whom Japan has, unfortunately, known little until recently. It is in the order of God's providence that the Gospel of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ was brought to Japan by the English-speaking race, for woman's position is undoubtedly higher in those countries than anywhere else in the world.

A few years after the Yachiwara incident and the great agitation which resulted, a grievous famine swept over the three northern provinces of Japan. It was a time of serious temptation to thousands of young girls. All great national calamities, such as serious earthquakes and famines, have from immemorial times been a very serious test for the people, but have also cultures these enemies of darkness, who were preparing to sweep down upon the nation. Prompted by the desire to be in a position to meet this, with the aid also to assist their parents and families, hundreds of young women would have sacrificed themselves. Knowing the mind of the nation, we organized this, with the assistance of the authorities and the government of the railway company, we were able to stop the crying evil. We went to the rescue, and at a time when the famine and poverty situations for all young women who, through want, contemplated doing

themselves to an evil life. Our Labour Bureau proved a valuable aid, but a Rescue Home was found to be a vital necessity, where the ignorant country girls, who chiefly composed this class, could be taken in and taught honest duties before being sent out to temptations.

Mrs. Brigadier Yamamoto undertook the responsibility of this work, and through her untiring efforts succeeded in saving hundreds of young girls from a life of evil. But in Japan we have a very great advantage with regard to those most deeply fallen, in the fact that there is not that spirit of sealing men from society which we have to contend in the West in the case of those who have once been guilty of some grave fault. The poor Magdalen of Japan can go straight into the very best service of which she is capable, or can even be honourably married as soon as she is herself resolved to leave the path of sin.

These things have made it easy for us, with comparatively small houses, to help a very large number of these persons, and to make all who need our help conscious of our constant readiness to receive them. In Tokyo an old Buddhist temple, which was fitted up as a Rescue Home, whilst similar institutions opened by others in Hakodate and Dalny have been taken over by The Army. At that time the very first commissioner and Mrs. Hodder are in charge of our work in Japan, and God is helping them and the rest of our devoted comrades to win the people to Christ. The task would appear hopeless unless a very special sense of the co-operation and power of the Spirit of Christ possessed the workers' hearts. Much has been done, for which we praise God, but the greatest work remains to be done before us. Our work in the Mikado's Empire is not yet self-supporting. To carry on our operations in Japan a yearly sum of about \$25,000 is required.

Your Self-Denial gift this year will help The Army to extend its work amongst the unfortunates whose case we have stated in the above article.

SOME WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORKERS.

(Continued From Page 10.)
ly girl, her desire to occupy her time in quiet, unassuming toil, and her unwillingness to be so-called society. Her connection with the Salvation Army began thus: Commander Eve Both visited Winnipeg 18, and the people of her town were very much interested in her. She was invited to attend the Sunday night meeting. She went to the meeting, and the soldiers pleaded with her to make a full surrender. At last she picked up her gloves and hat, and made a move toward the door. A moment's hesitation, and then she went out to the penitential form, where she found salvation. At the following Tuesday night's Soldiers' Meeting she was given a name and a collection card, and although she did not join the Army for about two months after that, she conscientiously collected her tazel, and finally returned to the Citadel to hand it in. Thus she again in London, and was an Officer, and very soon after was enrolled as a Soldier.

Now, for years I had been her intense desire to become a nurse, and she had an application under consideration of one of the hospitals in the city. But by coming in contact with the Army Officers a noble ideal appeared on her horizon—that of Officership in the S. A. She was not, however, aware that there was any such thing as nursing done in our ranks. Before very long, Candidate Adams was on her way to the Toronto Training College, from which she was eventually commissioned as Captain. And, to her great satisfaction, she was appointed to the Women's Social Work, a very kind of work she had for years yearned to do.

One year at the Esther Street Rescue Home was followed by a term at the Hamilton Home. Then came two years at St. Catharines, and then a year at the Rescue Homes, and then her present appointment, in which she is so happy that when talking about it to a War Cry interviewer, she couldn't contain enthusiasm and emphasised her words and feelings by a sound thump on the table!

Should these biographical sketches be read by persons who are desirous of doing humanitarian work, but who are kept from applying for Officership in the Army by a fear that because they are perhaps unskilled for public work they are not acceptable as candidates? We say that The Army has in Toronto a training school for women who are occupied solely in the social labors for women, their work being maternity nursing, or the management of homes. All who have been successful in their work are earnestly invited to write to the Candidate's Secretary, the Salvation Army Temple, Toronto.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

SOME Interesting Particulars Concerning the Author of "The Punter," and "The Devil Dancer."

We write that the story of "The Devil Dancer," by Mr. Harold Begbie, will be read by our readers with quite as much interest as was that dramatic story of "The Punter," which appeared in a recent Christmas number of the War Cry. The story was taken from his latest book, "Other Sheep," which has been the subject of much commendation from the British press. We think Mr. Begbie is the very best writer concerning Mr. Begbie will be read by our readers with quite as much interest as was that dramatic story of "The Punter," which appeared in a recent Christmas number of the War Cry. The story was taken from his latest book, "Other Sheep," which has been the subject of much commendation from the British press. We think Mr. Begbie is the very best writer concerning Mr. Begbie will be read by our readers with quite as much interest as was that dramatic story of "The Punter," which appeared in a recent Christmas number of the War Cry. 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